B.M.O.C-S
(abandoned)

"ONE"

He had walked down to the picnic with a statuesque girl whose bust loomed like a pitchfork, who had looked cynically at him and walked in silence after identifying herself sullenly. He had forgotten the name already, and the memorable figure would probably never be better implanted. Unfortunately.

This was the all-college picnic, and here he was, the big man on campus. The marshy plain spread out a sort of curdled brown from the summer's drought, and the wooded hills spread out around. Ahead of him, surrounded by many eager, awkward, pitiable freshmen, were two tables spread out with college food and manned by the sullen white-jacketed blacks.

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His sex life had been But Crudville of late. Below snuff, standard, par, wishes, etc. For squirrels. No. "Inadequate for any self-respecting squirrel," he said, and a nearby squirrel who had been watching him danced off into a bush, perhaps to attend to his sex life. "I would I were a tender self-respecting squirrel," he bellowed with a commissar accent. The Power House whistle roared in reply. He stopped in his tracks, the backs of his hands tingling, and waited for the awful instrument to run its gamut.

He lay down beside her and kissed her gently, under the mustache, finding with relief (he had forgotten) that her mustache was at least not stiff and bristly, but soft and slight. The alcove was seven feet long, allowing him clearance at both ends (even fulllength, as he was at this moment,) and they lay huddled, the big steam pipe, thick as a pumpkin, between his knees and hers. The fact was that this little girl was hot as a shoved poker. She twisted and arched herself as in great pain, itching or enjoyment; she kissed him back, one-for-one (as so few girls think to do,) and showed how involved she was by a running sussuration of gasps, smothered burps and an occasional squeak (he almost laughed, each time.) The fact was (indeed) that he was having a simply wonderful time. If he were not completely repulsed by this ratsy little girl-- for both her nervousness and her edgy laughter, which sometimes let fly like a dog's bark, after which she would invariably say "shit!" in an unaccountably appealing manner-- he would have admitted quite freely-- for this was the way he always admitted things to himself-- that she was physically splendid, at least for the purposes at hand. And these purposes were unendingly at hand. One of the loominger aspects of his life, indeed, was keeping the matter in hand by keeping it out of hand -- so to speak.

As he kissed her lips, her eyes, her necks, her ear, he tried to keep the "push-pull, click-click" commercial out of mind. Touch soft, stroke, rub hard, bite, tickle (laugh with her as you make an explosive noise with your lips on her shoulder,) et cetera, et cetera, in a routine mounting frenzy. Actually, this girl (he thought her name to herself: Elinore, and said it: "Elinore," and she gasped) (-- it was imperative to think "Elinore," not "this girl,") was more genuinely frenzied than he could remember anyone having been, except perhaps for Binnie, whom he had thought anomalous, and he was dragged along in the current of her participation. "You're delightful," he said outright. She whimpered happily. "Deliiiiiiight," and he nudged her intently, "ful." She squealed. This was appallingly good. It was like being a child again.

"You're so wonderful," she said. He always found this distressing, and wished they could learn to separate the quality of the performance from the all-round goodness of the act itself. "Oh, ..." he said self-deprecatingly. "T'ain't nothin', ma'am." She barked in his ear with a gasping laugh, and her belly jostled him startlingly.

They had been here now some time, and the close of dinner (he reckoned absently,) was immiment-- unless they programed the business carefully. Besides, there was no need to become glutted on hor d'ouevres. "Enough of prelude," he said in the throaty radio god-voice, and gave her one last reassuring kiss on the mouth. Then he manipulated her (as sincerely as he could. Always, sincerely! This he told himself) and made all the great shifts of weight and bulk and banged his knee on the pipe at the same time she hit her head on the wall while obliging, and they both said "Ow," and they both laughed. After that the loving continued with considerable ease and to the satisfaction of all.

BMOC (abandoned)

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